



L I F E   A N D   D E A T H

# PROMETHEUS™

3 OF 4

DAN  
ABNETT

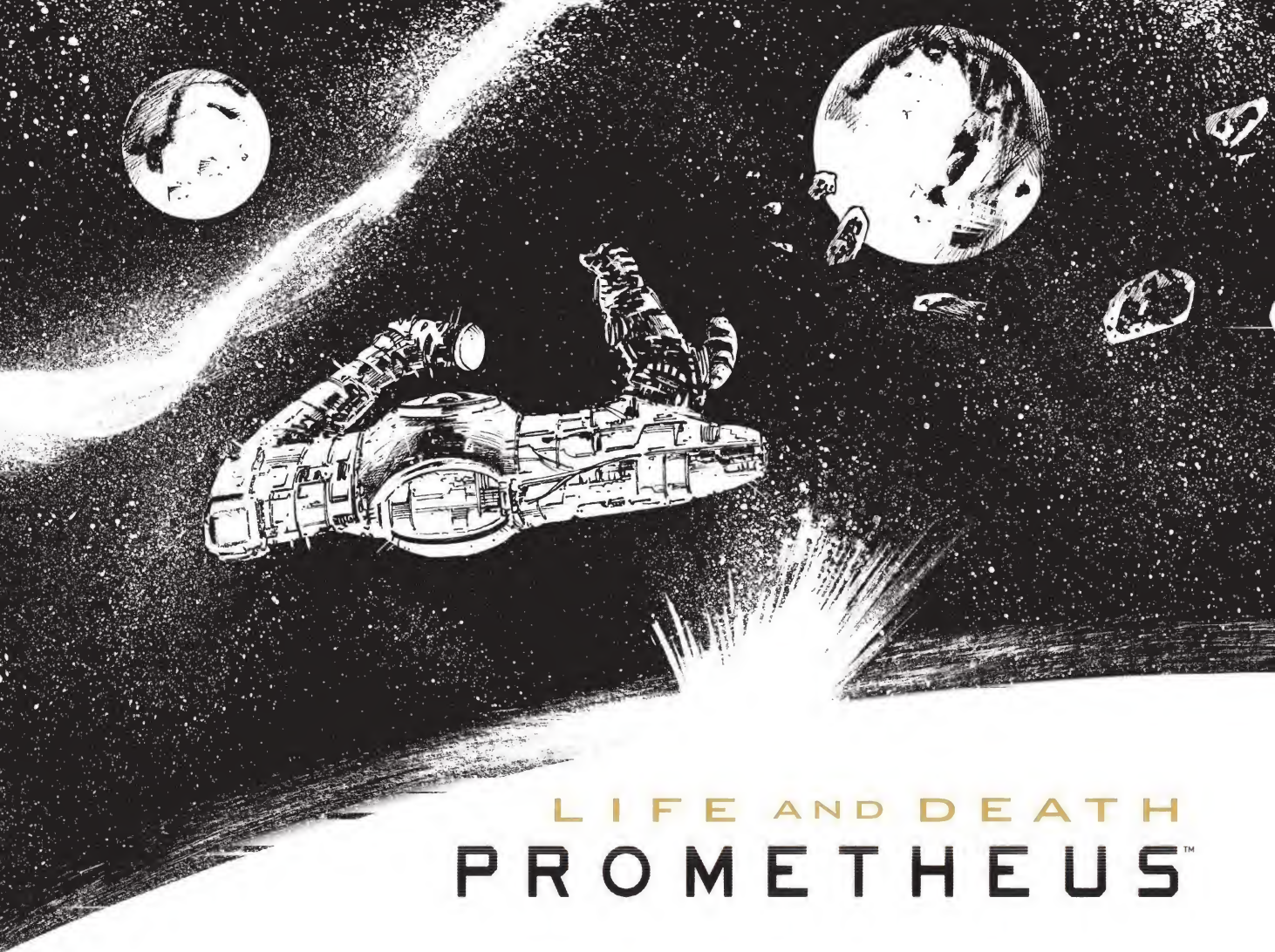
ANDREA  
MUTTI

RAIN  
BEREDO

THE MADNESS  
OF THE GODS!



HotComic.net



# LIFE AND DEATH PROMETHEUS™

SCRIPT **DAN ABNETT**   ART **ANDREA MUTTI**   COLORS **RAIN BEREDO**   LETTERING **MICHAEL HEISLER**   COVER ART **DAVID PALUMBO**

## PART SEVEN OF SEVENTEEN OF **LIFE AND DEATH**

This story takes place approximately forty-three years after the events in the motion picture *Aliens* (and just over a year after the events in the *Fire and Stone* story cycle).

A squad of Colonial Marines and two survivors from an ill-fated (and illegal) commercial expedition escaped an attack by alien hunters known as Predators by fleeing the planet Tartarus (LV-797) aboard a commandeered spaceship of unknown origin. Believing themselves safe, the humans discovered their mistake when the pilot of the craft—one of the mysterious alien entities known as Engineers—awoke and changed the ship's course for LV-223.

While the rest of the marine contingent struggled to keep up with the alien vessel in their own ship, the *Hasdrubal*, those trapped onboard with the Engineer hid within the alien ship's vast interior.

Once on the new planet, the humans almost immediately encountered the xenomorph terrors that resided there, only to be saved by the survivors of a previous mission—and their Predator companion, "Ahab." But *saved* does not necessarily mean *safe* . . .

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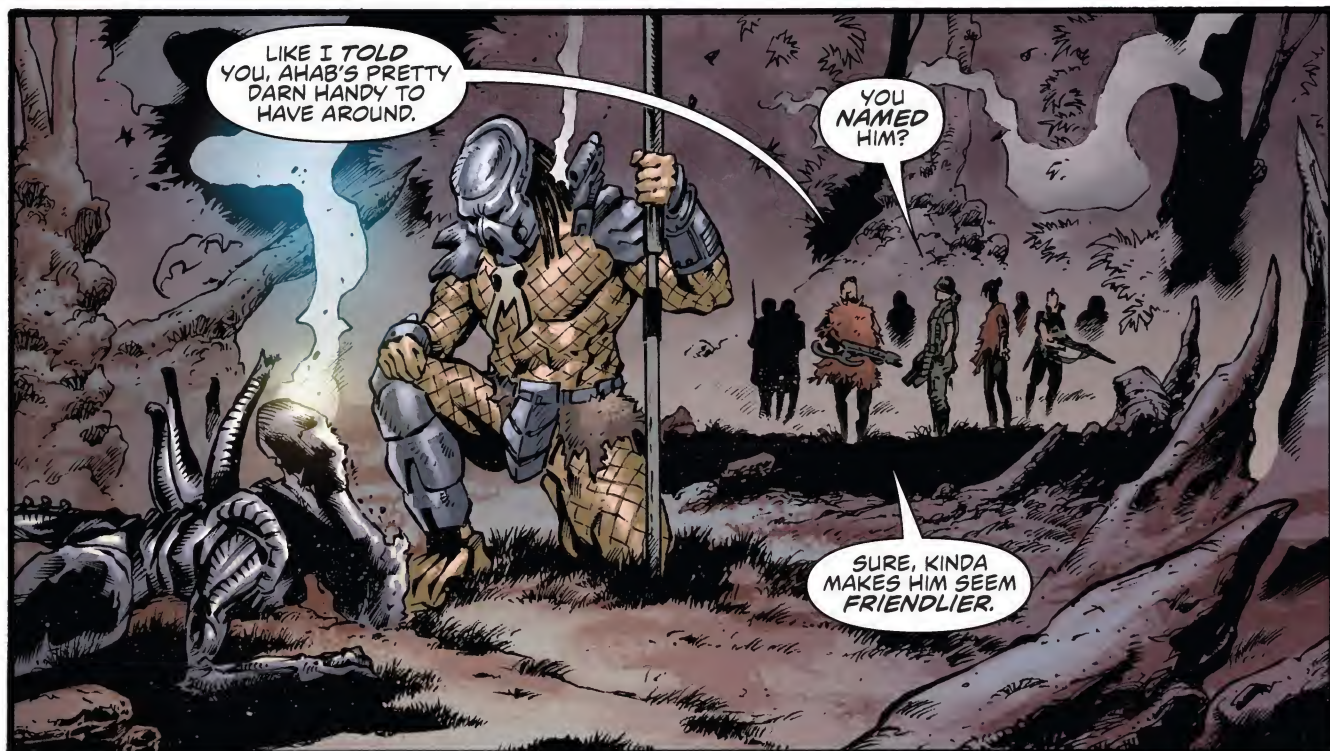
Special thanks to Josh Izzo and Nicole Spiegel at Twentieth Century Fox.

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LIKE I TOLD  
YOU, AHAB'S PRETTY  
DARN HANDY TO  
HAVE AROUND.

YOU  
NAMED  
HIM?

SURE, KINDA  
MAKES HIM SEEM  
FRIENDLIER.



WE WERE ON  
LV-797. HIS KIND  
DECIMATED MY  
UNIT AND--

LOOK,  
ROTH, IS AHAB  
A XENOBREED  
KILLER WITH A NEAR-  
PSYCHOPATHIC  
URGE TO HUNT  
AND KILL?

SURE  
HE IS.



BUT  
YOU'VE  
SEEN THE  
BUGS THIS  
WORLD IS  
CRAWLING  
WITH.

AHAB LIVES  
TO HUNT-- AND  
LOVES HUNTING  
BUGS.

WE MAKE  
NICE WITH  
HIM, WE STAY  
ALIVE A LITTLE  
LONGER.



YOU  
KNOW THE OLD  
SAYING...

"THE  
ENEMY OF MY  
ENEMY IS MY  
FRENEMY."



FUNNY,  
GALGO.

YOU  
WON'T MIND  
IF I RESERVE  
MY FINAL  
OPINION.



THIS IS HOME.

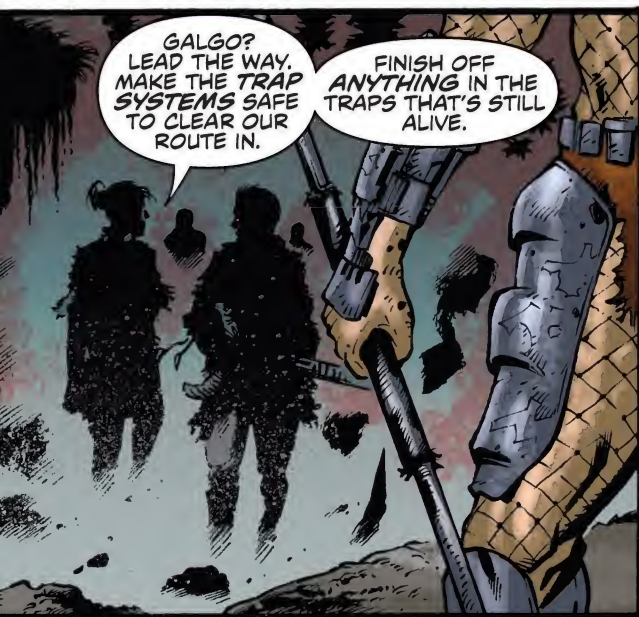
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE, CAPTAIN FOSTER?

TOO LONG, MR. MELVILLE.



AND THERE ARE JUST THE FOUR OF YOU, CAPTAIN?

FIVE. ME, GALGO, JILL, CHRIS, AND AHAB.

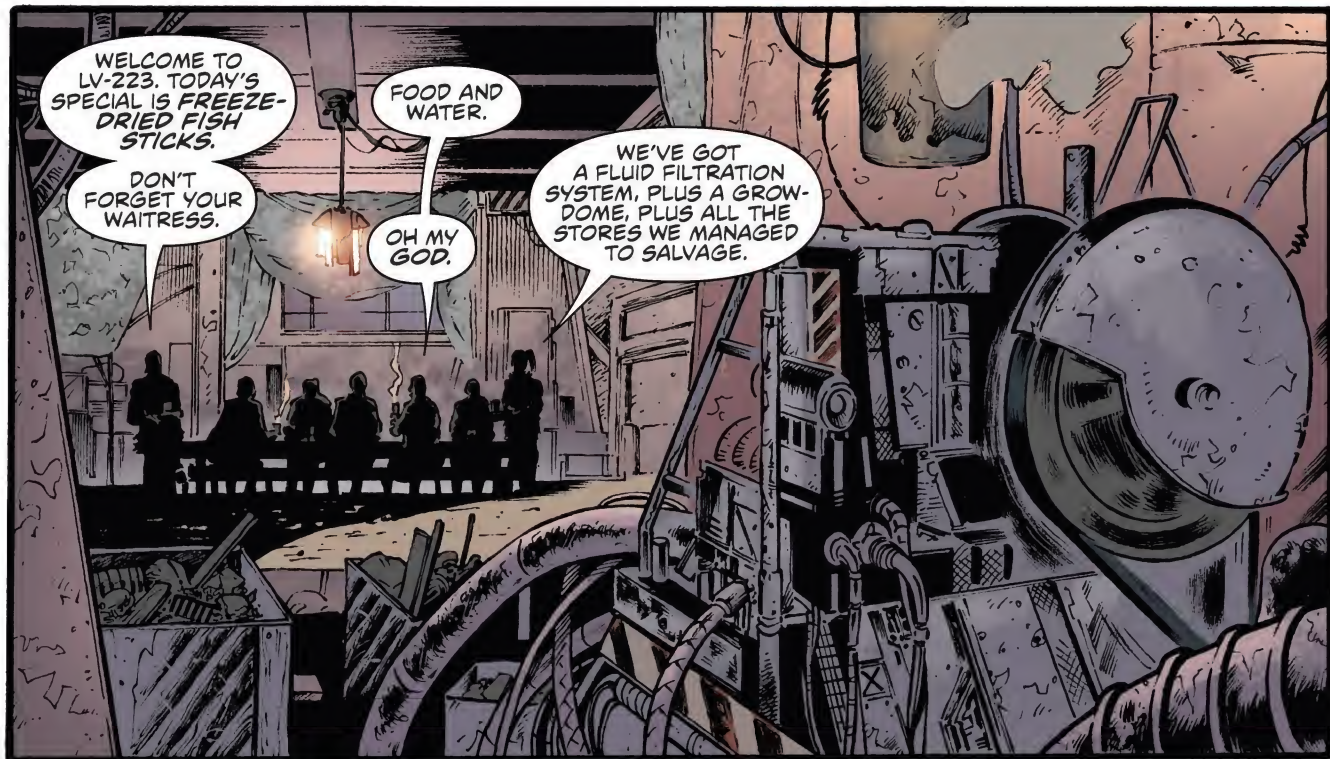


GALGO? LEAD THE WAY. MAKE THE TRAP SYSTEMS SAFE TO CLEAR OUR ROUTE IN.

FINISH OFF ANYTHING IN THE TRAPS THAT'S STILL ALIVE.



AHAB HELPED US CONSTRUCT THE FORTIFICATIONS. HE'S GOOD AT TRAPS.



WELCOME TO LV-223. TODAY'S SPECIAL IS FREEZE-DRIED FISH STICKS.

DON'T FORGET YOUR WAITRESS.

FOOD AND WATER.

OH MY GOD.

WE'VE GOT A FLUID FILTRATION SYSTEM, PLUS A GROW-DOME, PLUS ALL THE STORES WE MANAGED TO SALVAGE.

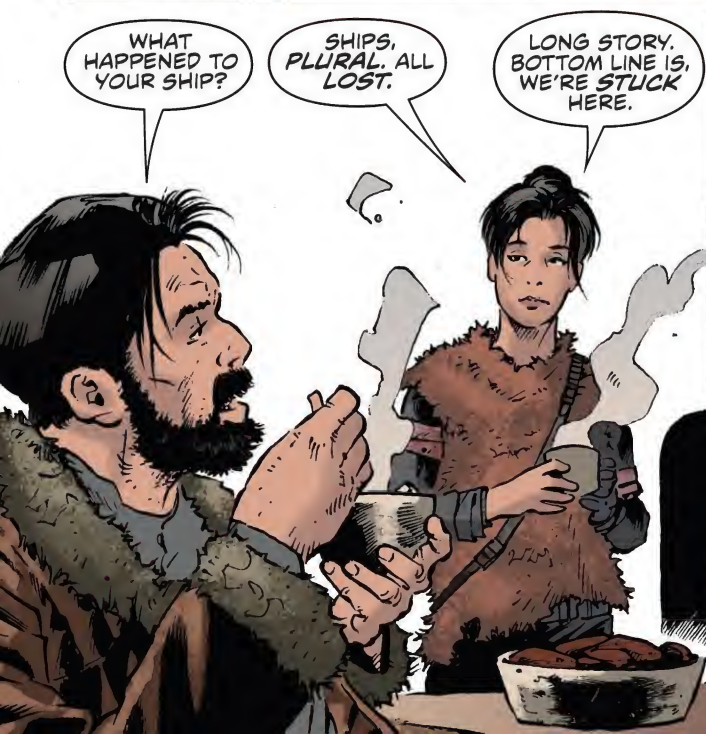


YOU'RE THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF YOUR MISSION?

THAT'S RIGHT.

WE CAME HERE TO RECOVER A PREVIOUS MISSION. FOUND THE ENGINEER SITE AND A PLANET OVERRUN WITH BUGS.

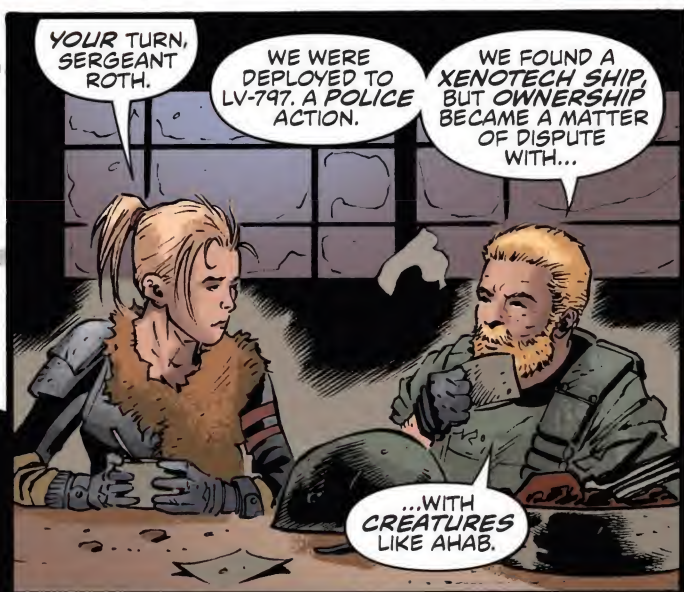
OUR EXIT OPTIONS REDUCED TO ZERO. SURVIVAL HAS BECOME OUR ONLY PATH.



WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SHIP?

SHIPS, PLURAL. ALL LOST.

LONG STORY. BOTTOM LINE IS, WE'RE STUCK HERE.

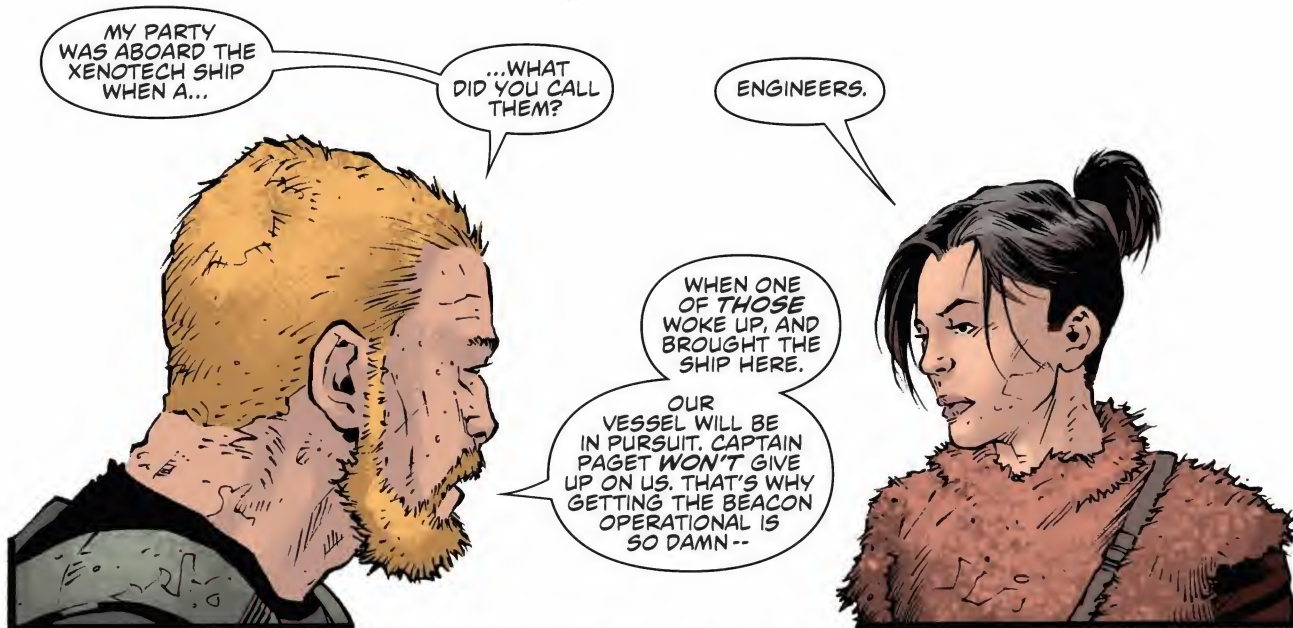


YOUR TURN, SERGEANT ROTH.

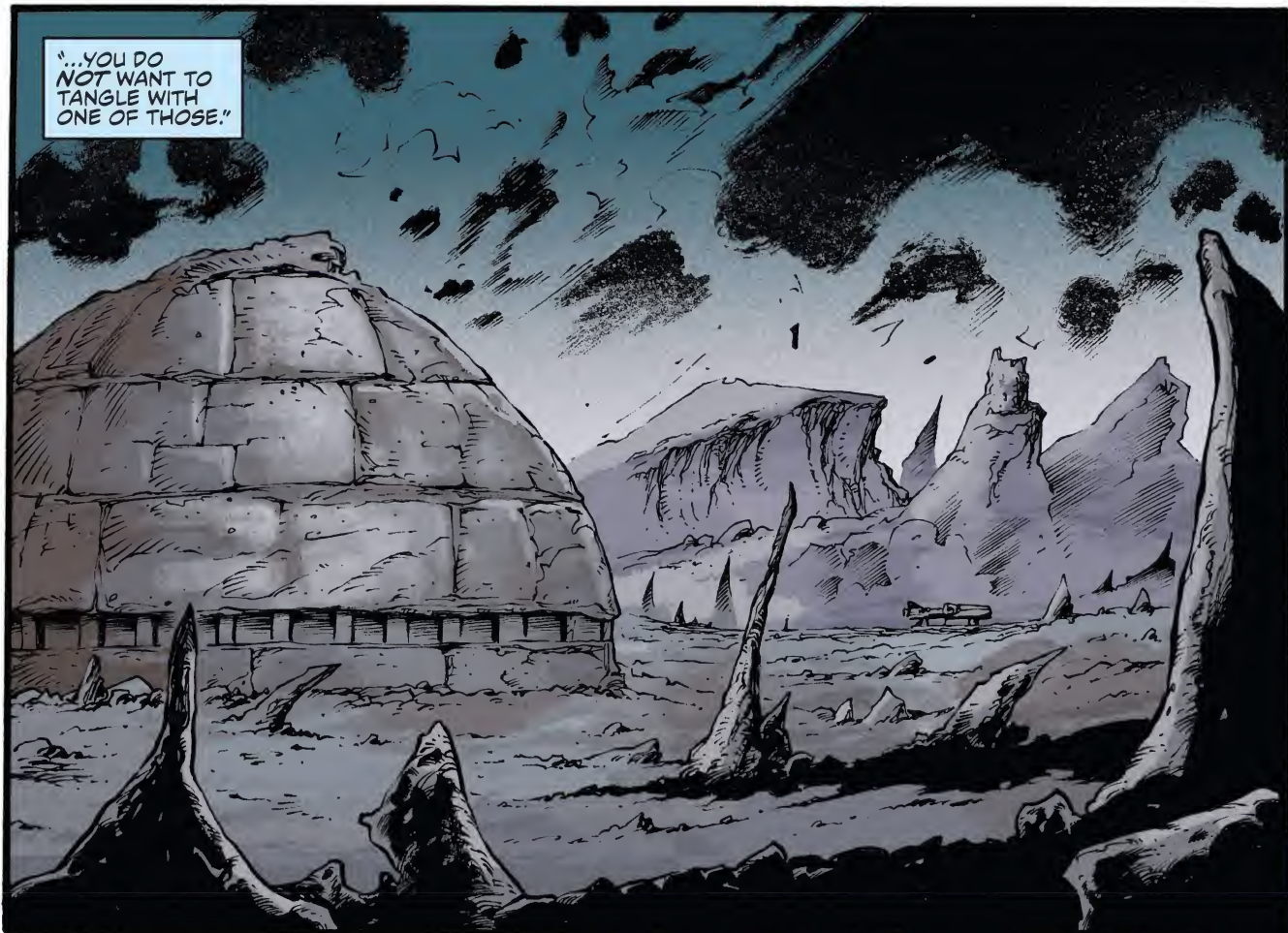
WE WERE DEPLOYED TO LV-797. A POLICE ACTION.

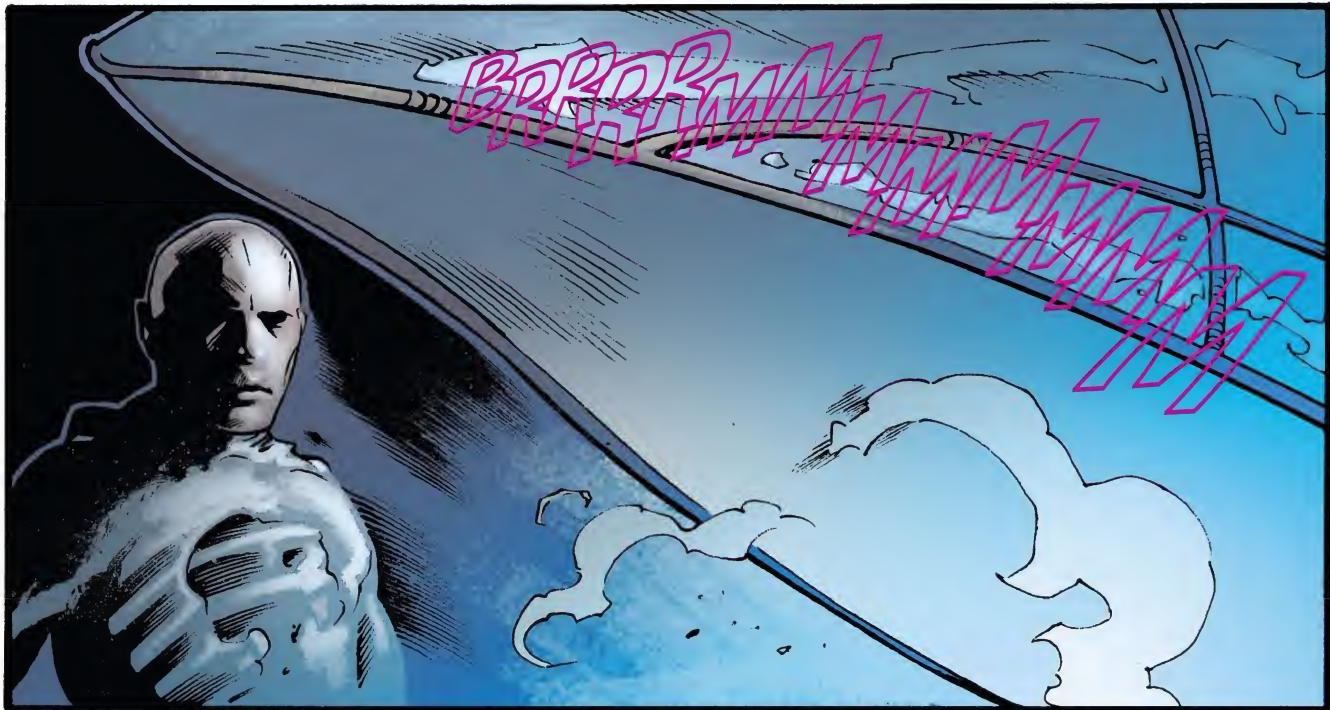
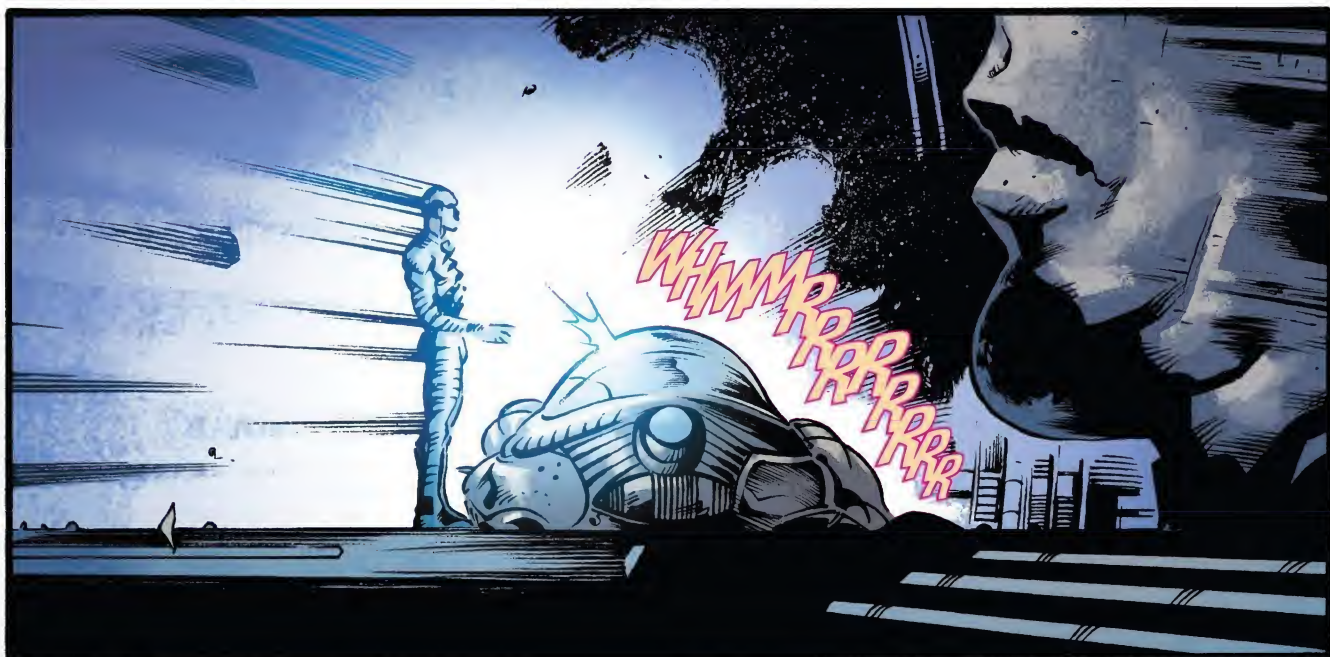
WE FOUND A XENOTECH SHIP, BUT OWNERSHIP BECAME A MATTER OF DISPUTE WITH...

...WITH CREATURES LIKE AHAB.



"...YOU DO  
NOT WANT TO  
TANGLE WITH  
ONE OF THOSE."





"WE KILLED  
AN ENGINEER."



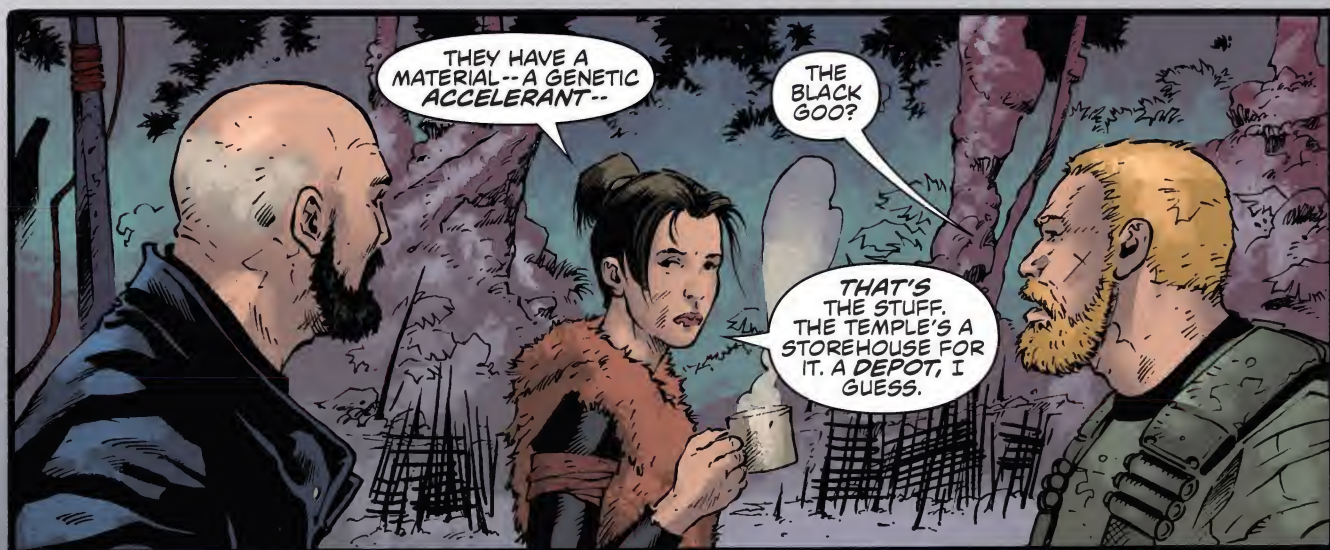


WELL, AHAH DID.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM, CAPTAIN?

NOT MUCH, MR. MELVILLE.

ANCIENT, HIGHLY ADVANCED. GOOD CHANCE THEY HAVE PRACTICED MAJOR BIOFORMING OPERATIONS DOWN THE AGES.



THEY HAVE A MATERIAL-- A GENETIC ACCELERANT--

THE BLACK GOO?

THAT'S THE STUFF. THE TEMPLE'S A STOREHOUSE FOR IT. A DEPOT, I GUESS.



I BELIEVE THEY ENGINEER ECOSYSTEMS. BIOMES. PLANETS. SPECIES.



THE XENOMORPH BUGS MAY EVEN BE A PRODUCT OF THAT ENGINEERING.

HELL, WE COULD BE TOO.

ARE YOU SERIOUS?



IT'S ALL SPECULATION. BUT THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO POSSIBILITY OF CONTACT OR NEGOTIATION WITH THE ENGINEERS. THEY ARE HOSTILE ON SIGHT.





"WHAT DOES  
THAT WORD  
MEAN?"

NHHHHHH...

OH  
GOD! WHAT  
THE --  
WHAT--

P-PLEASE!  
W-WHAT IS  
THIS?

P-PLEASE...  
LET ME GO!

CAN  
YOU HEAR  
ME?

WHAT WAS  
THAT?

SKTL SKITLL

OH  
GOD...

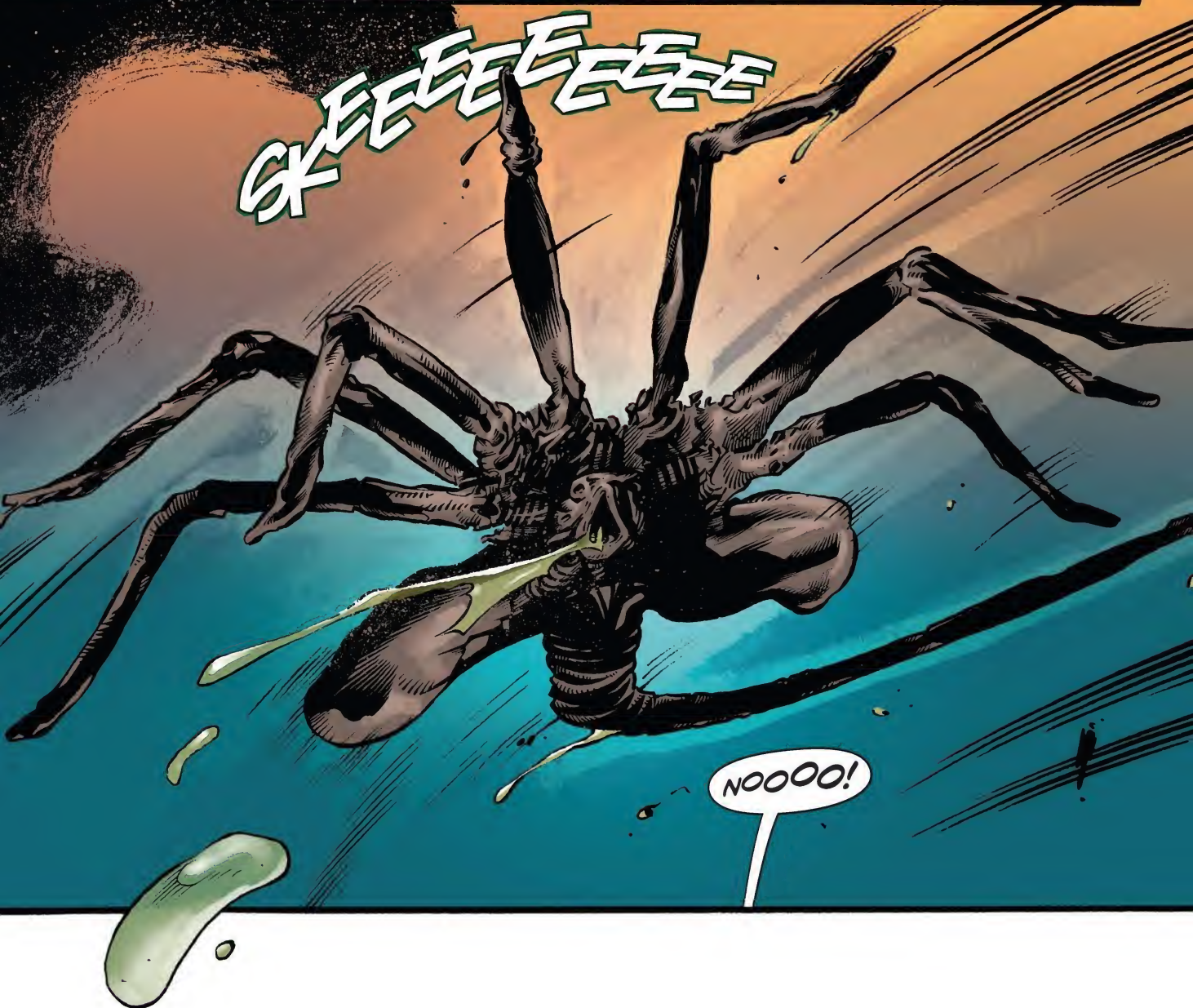


PLEASE...



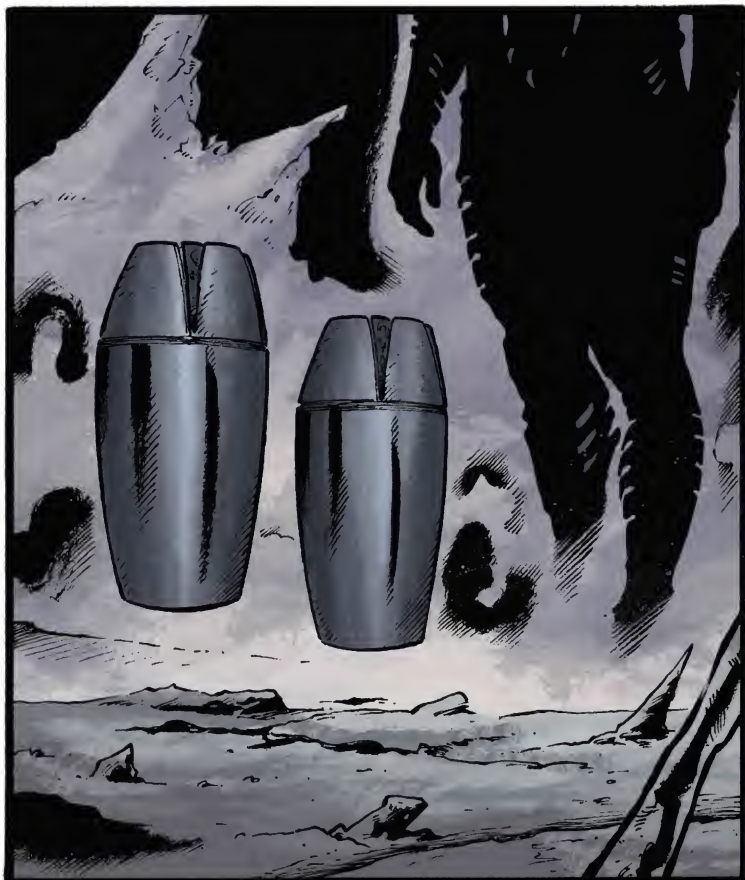
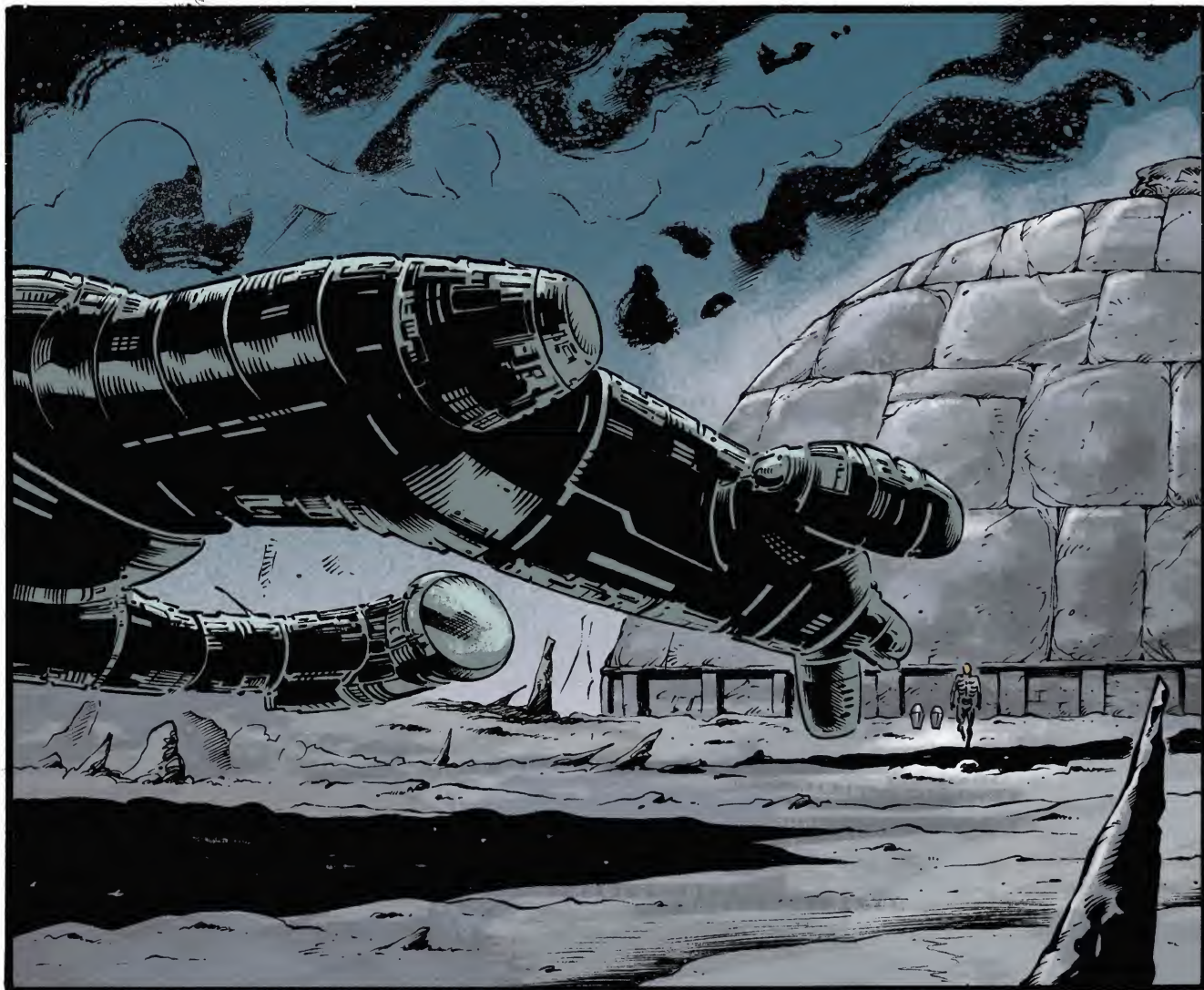
OH MY  
GOD! OH MY  
GOD!

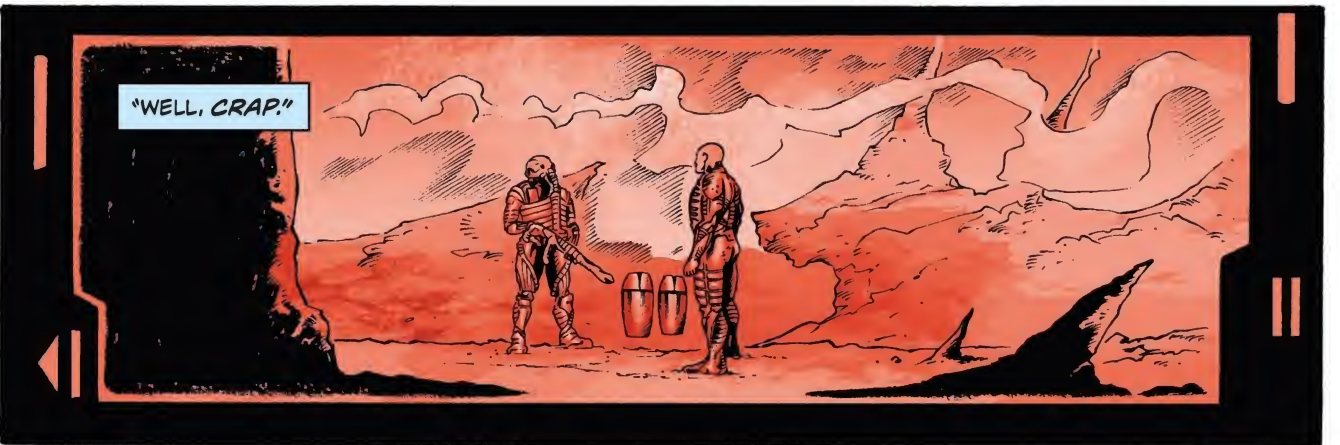
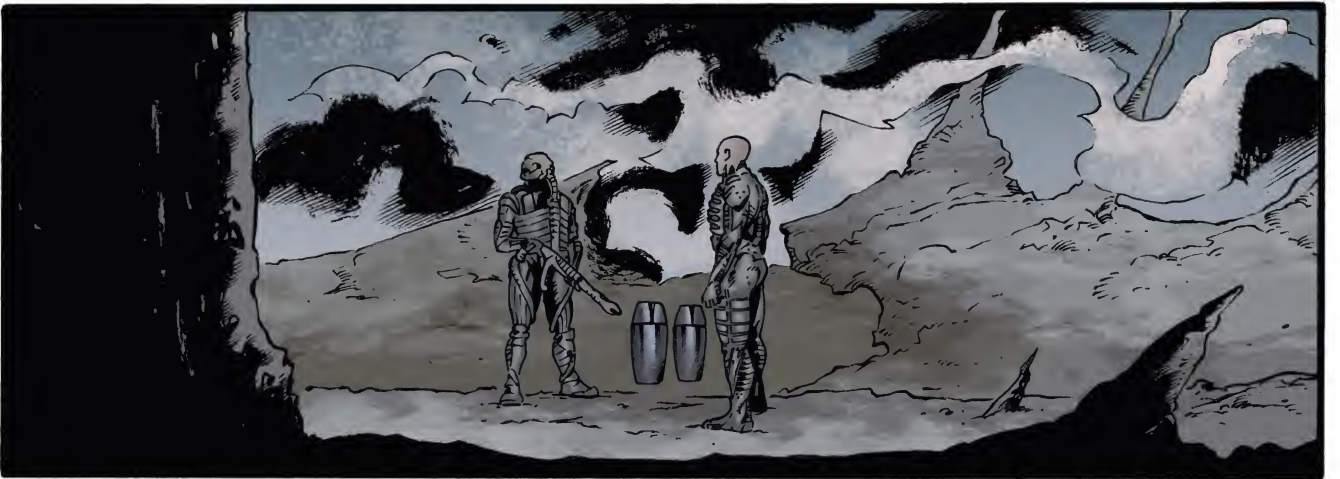
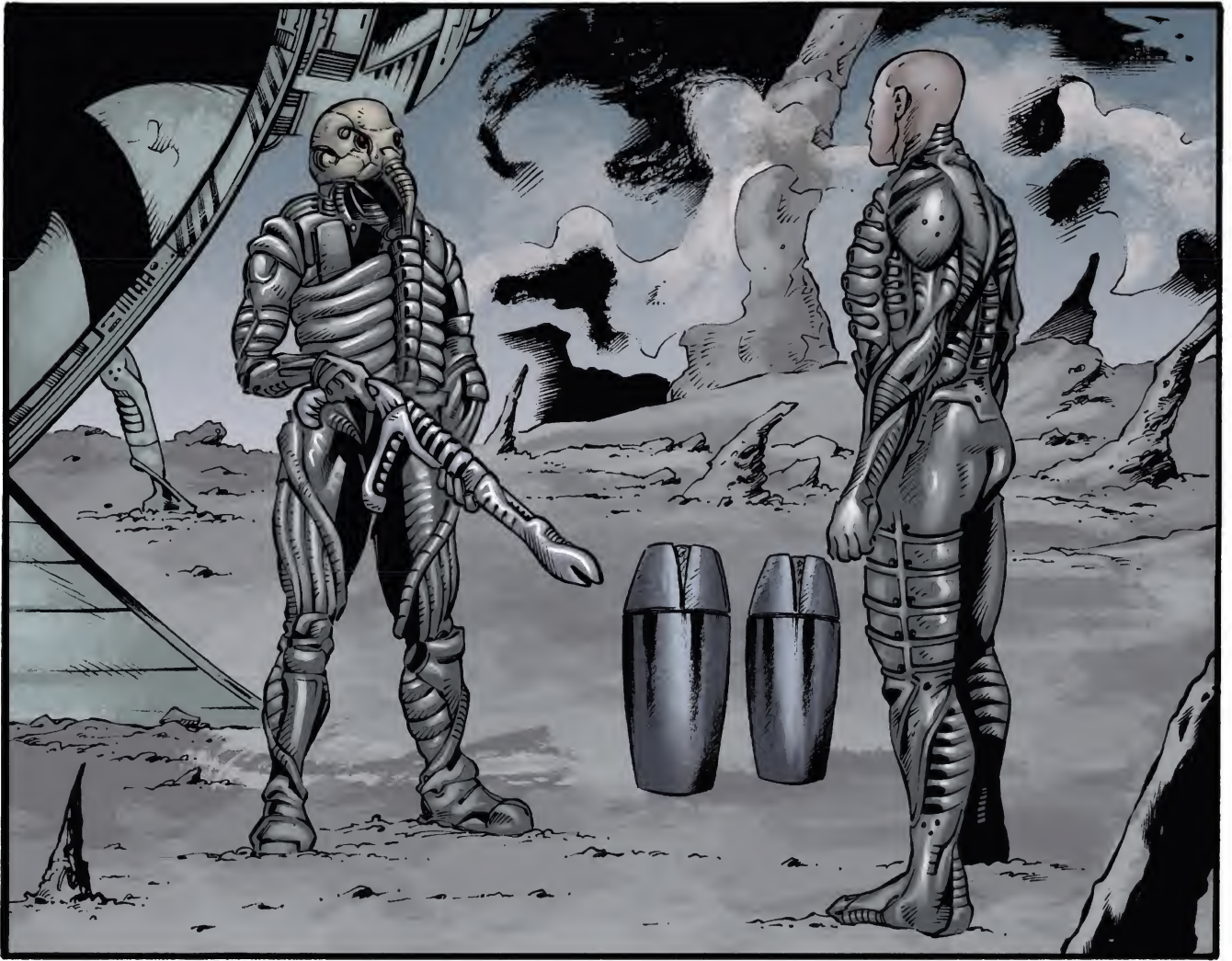
GET AWAY  
FROM ME!



SKREEEEEEEE

NOOOO!









I AM HAVING TROUBLE PROCESSING THE IDEA THAT MANKIND IS THE PRODUCT OF ALIEN BIOENGINEERING.

YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE MELVILLE. EX-MARINE, NOW A MAN OF THE CLOTH.



THIS IS KINDA CONFLICTING WITH HIS BELIEF SYSTEM.

YOU MAY MOCK, ROTH.

THANKS. I WILL.



THERE MAY BE ANOTHER INTERPRETATION. YOU KNOW THE MYTH OF PROMETHEUS?

STOLE FIRE FROM THE GODS. GOT SHIT FOR IT.

WHETHER WE ARE THE ENGINEER'S WORK OR NOT, MAYBE HE IS JUST PROTECTING US.



BY KILLING US?



THE ACCELERANT MATERIAL IS POTENT, CAPTAIN FOSTER. FIRE FROM HEAVEN.

MAYBE THE ENGINEER AND HIS KIND ARE FRIGHTENED OF WHAT A CHILD RACE LIKE US MIGHT DO IF WE GET OUR HANDS ON IT.



TOOK  
A NUKE TO  
FINISH THE  
LAST ONE.

BUT  
IT AIN'T *JUST*  
THAT. WHY DOES  
YOUR PAL NEED  
A PAL?

I FIGURE THE  
ENGINEER'S COME  
HERE TO GET SOME  
JOB DONE.

AND  
HE NEEDS A  
FRIEND ACTIVE  
TO TAKE CARE OF  
UNFINISHED  
BUSINESS.

BUSINESS  
LIKE THE PESKY  
HUMAN VERMIN  
HE'S SEEN AROUND  
THE PLACE.

WE'LL  
HAVE TO POST  
OBSERVERS.  
ROUND THE  
CLOCK.

IF AN  
ENGINEER  
IS MOVING  
AGAINST  
US--

KINDA  
SPIKES OUR PLAN  
OF SITTING TIGHT  
FOR THE USCM SHIP TO  
ARRIVE AND SAVE OUR  
SORRY ASSES.

SHAME.  
I HONESTLY  
FELT A SPARK  
OF HOPE  
THERE FOR A  
SECOND.

OH, GOD.  
OH, GOD.

'S OKAY,  
CHRIS.

THERE  
IS STILL ONE  
WAY OFF THIS  
WORLD.

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
TALKING  
ABOUT?



THE  
ENGINEER'S  
SHIP.

RIGHT.  
WE JUST  
**BORROW**  
IT AND FLY  
HOME.

THAT'S  
PRETTY MUCH  
WHAT I'M  
SUGGESTING.



WE  
GOT THAT  
VESSEL SPACE-  
SIDE ON LV-797.  
THANKS TO  
**SINGER**.

WE ONLY  
LOST CONTROL OF  
IT WHEN THE ENGINEER  
WOKE AND WE HAD TO  
ABANDON THE FLIGHT  
DECK.



WITH  
SINGER HERE,  
WE CAN OPERATE  
THE XENOTECH  
SHIP.

ITS  
PRACTICAL  
CONTROL IS  
NOT BEYOND  
US.

SERIOUSLY?



THE ONLY  
PROBLEM...IS TAKING  
**POSSESSION** OF THE  
SHIP IN THE FIRST  
PLACE.



L I F E   A N D   D E A T H  
**P R O M E T H E U S <sup>TM</sup>**



***Fire from the Gods!***  
#4—on sale September 14!